

The Trader's

23

GARLAND.

Beautified with several Excellent

NEW SONG.

The Trader's Medly; or, The Cries of *London*.

I. A Dialogue between *Jockey* and *Jenny*. 11621 C.5

II. The jolly Sailor's Farewel to his Love. 23

III. The Answer to the jolly Sailor.

IV. A new Song on the Spanish War.

V. A new Song, to the Tune of Captain Death.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.



The Trader's  G A R L A N D & Co.



The Trader's Medley; or, The Cries of London.

H Olly and Ivy, and Mistletoe,
Do you want any Greens your Houses to strow,
Old Cloaths to sell, or Change for Earthen Ware,
Do you want any Damsons or Burgany Pears:

Buy my Oranges or Lemons,
With dainty Ropes of Onions,
Come by my sweet Williams,
Have you got any Kirchin Stuff Maids.

Four Pair for a Shilling, Holland Stocks,
Your Knives for to grind, buy my fine Apricocks,
Here's your sharp Vinegar Three pence a Quart;
Also new fresh Herrings here's eight for a Groat.

Ends of Gold and Silver,
Ribbons or Garters,
By my new Well-fleet Oysters,
Old Bellows, old Bellows to mend.

Buy my Cucumbers fit for the Pickle,
And Coney Skins Maids, be they never so little;
Here's your ripe Straw-berries Six-pence a Pottle,
Any old Chairs to mend, any broken Glass-bottle,
Cords and Whey,
Will you've any Thing to Day,
If you must, come away,
A Pot or a Kettle to mend.

Knives, or Scissars, Buckles, or Caps,
Here's an excellent Way to kill all your Rats,

Hot

Hot Custards hot, for Two-pence a Piece,
 Will you buy any Walnuts, or old rotten Cheese;
 Spectacles for your Noses,
 Will you buy any Posies;
 Of Carnations and Roses;
 Do you want any Butter or Eggs.

Old Shoes or Boots, will you buy any Brooms,
 Maids here's your fine Brushes to scrub out your Rooms,
 A Cock or a Pullet, a Capon or Hen,
 And here's your old Pin Man coming again;
 My Basket and Volder,
 Rare Patches and Powder,
 Come by my sweet Flounder,
 From Holland, here's a new Express.

Ripe Kentish Cherries for Three-pence a Pound,
 Fig, Fig it away, for I tell you they're sound;
 Hot Pudding Pies, here's two for a Penny,
 Come by my Card Matches, as long as I've any:
 Flowers for your Gardens,
 Come buy my bak'd Wardens,
 Here's two for a Farthing,
 Will you buy any Catherine Pears.

Hot Spice Ginger-bread, Tassety Tarts,
 Here's a Dram of the Bottle to comfort your Hearts.
 Dainty fine Ink, you will lik't when you see't,
 Here's very good Trotters, with Tripe and Neets Feet,
 Come, come away Sir,
 Buy a Pen-knife, or a Razor,
 While I am at Leisure;
 Have you got any Lanthorns to mend.

Buy a Sheet Almanack, hot grey Pease,
 Some see what you lack, and buy what you please,
 A Brush for your Shoes, and Combs for your Hair,
 Here's diddle diddle Dumplings, Ladies fine Ware;

Old Rags for Money,
 If you've never so many,
 I buy more than any;
 Here's Milk for a Penny the Quart.



A Dialogue between Jockey and Jenny.

J E N N Y.

Stern Winter has left us, the Trees are in Bloom,
 And Cowslips and Violets the Meadows perfume;
 While Kids are disparting, and Birds fill the Spray,
 I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May;
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

J O C K E Y.

Among the young Lillies, my Jenny I've stray'd,
 Pinks, Dailes, and Wood-bines, I bring to my Maid;
 Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Lavender gay,
 Posey to form for my Queen of the May.

J E N N Y.

Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile,
 When seated with Molly last Night on a Stile;
 You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
 Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

J O C K E Y.

Young Willy is handsome in Shepherd's green Dress,
 He gave you those Ribbons that hang at your Breast;
 Besides three sweet Kisses upon the new Hay,
 Was that done like Jenny, my Queen of the May?

J E N N Y.

This Garland of Roses no longer I prize,
 Since Jockey false-hearted his Passion denies;
 Ye Flower so blooming this instant decay,
 For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

JOCKEY.

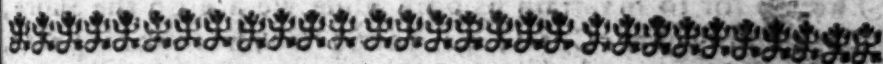
Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong
 Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song;
 From the Dews of pale Eve, to the Dawning of Day,
 I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

JENNY.

Again balmy Comfort with transport I view,
 My Fears are all vanished, since Jockey is true;
 Then to our blithe Shepherds the News I'll convey
 That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

JOCKEY.

Of ev'ry Degree ye young Lovers draw near,
 Avoidall Suspicion whate'er may appear;
 Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they decay,
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

*The Sailor's Farewel to his Love.*

O H where have you been my lovely Sailor bold!
 Why did you leave me thus for the Sake of cursed Gold?
 What though my Father's cross, my Mother she is kind;
 Therefore my Father's Crossness you never need to mind;
 Now Johnny with me stay, since you are safe on Shore,
 And never my dear Johnny, now never leave me more.

Alas! my dearest Nancy, with Joy I you receive,
 It was your Father's Crossness which made me for to grieve;
 But since your Mother's kind, Father I do not fear,
 Then pray now go and fetch her, she'd Joy to see me here
 Thou art the only Girl, my Dear, that I do adore,
 But long I cannot stay, e'er soon I must quit the Shore.

These Words, my dearest Johnny, does cut me to the Heart,
 To think that I so quickly again from you must part:
 Why will you sail the Seas, where stormy Winds do blow,
 When you may in Safety at Home with me you know:
 What

What need you for to go, since you may live as happy here?
Then can you be so cruel to leave your only Dear.

He cry'd, I am a Servant unto my King you know,
And when that he commands me, I'm forc'd for to go:
It was my Father's Crossness, my roving Fancy too,
Which drove me first to Sea, and bid this Land adieu:
Therefore, my dearest *Nancy*, be not cast down or sad,
For of all other Callings the Sailor's the best Lad.

She cry'd, I love a Sailor, they are the best of Hearts,
They keep us from our Enemy, and sail to foreign Parts;
They sail unto the *Indies*, to bring Home Riches store,
And was it not for Sailors, his Land would be but poor:
But now, my dearest *Johnny*, I cannot from you part,
For when you talk of going, it cuts me to the Heart.

John reply'd, Since I must go, cheer up my *Nancy* dear,
I'll rifle all the *Indies*, to bring you Treasure here;
With many fine Curiosities, and charming Silks great Store,
Enough for to maintain us both while we are on the Shore,
Then kissing of her Coral Lips, young *John* he took his Leave,
And left his charming *Nancy* his Absence for to grieve.

The Answer to the jolly Sailor.

FROM *Plymouth* *Johnny* sailed, unto the *Indies* bound,
And all his Undertakings with great Success were crown'd,
In six Months he arriv'd upon the *Indian* Shore,
Where by the Way of Traffick he obtained Riches store,
And then design'd for *England*, his Voyage for to take,
Having run many Hazards for his dear *Nancy's* Sake.

His gallant Ship was fraughted, then with a pleasant Gale,
Sweet *Johnny* and his jovial Crew for *England* hoisted Sail,
The Wind with friendly Breezes blew from the Chrystal Sky,
The lousy Ship like *Neptune's* upon the Billows ride;
Each Wind did bring the Vessel to the desired Shore,
At *Plymouth* he arriv'd with Gold and Silver store.

Then coming for the Land, and seing of his *Nancy* dear,
 He took her by the Hand, my Dearest do not fear;
 Now I have got Riches store, for to maintain us both
 Together on the Shore, to part with thee I'm loath;
 My dearest *Nancy* now, we will married be,
 And all my Gold and Treasure I will bestow on thee.

Johnny the brisk Sailor, and *Nancy* his true Dear,
 At *Plymouth* Church in Splendour did then there appear;
 And married there with Joy, whilst Trumpets they did sound,
 The Bells did ring, and Musick play'd, and Healths went mer-
 rily round:

Now *Johnny* the brisk Sailor, has *Nancy* to his Wife,
 In *Plymouth* Town this Couple do lead a happy Life.



A new Song on the Spanish War.

AS for us bold Sailors we'll let them to know,
 That we will rule Masters wherever we go,
 And make both their Pride and Ambition come down,
 And take their rich Prizes before we return.

The French and the Spaniards a Scheme have made,
 To invade our Nation and ruin our Trade;
 Brave Mr Pitt their Schemes has found out,
 Sent them them back to *Vigo* there to dispute.

Both Soldiers and Sailors make no Delay,
 Since *Saunders* the brave has met with his Prey;
 This Prize he has taken both valiant and brave,
 And for his Sailors brave Shares they will have.

Each Port and each Town we'll still make our own,
 In Spite of proud Frenchmen or the Spanish Crown,
 And boldly make our loud Cannons to roar,
 And bring Home rich Prizes from the Spanish Shore.



A new Song, to the Tune of Captain Death.

COME bold British La's never fear the Seas
 When the War is ended you'll live at your Ease
 And Statesman and Merchant shall gather great Store
 And Boughbon shall trouble your Nations no more.
 Let's Placemen subdue, let's Placemen subdue,
 And make both French and Spaniards to rue.

Great George was a Blessing, but now he is gone,
 Now England is blessed by his Grand-son,
 A Prince of great Virue, Piety, and Sense,
 Whose Valour and Wisdom shall be your Defence.

For brave Mr Pitt let us pray evermore,
 That God may increase his Wisdom and Store,
 Who saved our Nation when sinking so deep,
 From Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing who seemed asleep.

Next brave General Wolfe his Name let's record;
 Whose Valour to England such Blessings affords,
 Quebec he took by Sword and Gun,
 And made both the Savage and Frenchmen to run.

To Boscawen and Saunders this Glass let us have,
 Who conquered our Enemies so bold and so brave;
 Of Pococke and Hawke let your Voices ring,
 The like was never known in the Reign of a King.

He that delights in the Good of this Land,
 Will never chuse Placemen nor a vile Hand;
 Or he who embezzles the national Store,
 A Friend to the French, or Enemies to the Poor.
 Let's Placemen subdue, let's Placemen subdue,
 And make both French and Spaniards to rue.

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